

CHARIVARIA.

WE have no adverse comment to make upon the prevalent Labour Unrest, for we hold the antiquated view that there never should be too much rest about labour.

The Railway Commission still thrives, in spite of the rumoured fact that one witness, who was supposed to know more about the working of our railways than any man alive, failed to put in an appearance. He had got into the wrong train at Crewe.

A Gloucestershire labourer has offered to "swap jobs" with a Norfolk Vicar. The object of the proposal is not quite apparent, but there may be for all we know a growing tendency among mangold-wurzels to irreligion. However, the real objection to the scheme is the possible unfitness of the labourer for parochial work. Language which is quite apt and efficient in addressing turnips might be out of place in a pulpit.

But we can quite see that the negligent habits among farm produce in attending divine service require correction. The apathy displayed by this part of the congregation at Harvest Festival Thanksgivings is always lamentably conspicuous.

Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY'S prophecy, that our supply of coal will be exhausted in one hundred and seventy-five years, has caused at least one infant-in-arms, who had previously determined to beat all human records of human longevity, to change its plans.

Seized with a fit of intelligible curiosity, President FALLIÈRES and his people have been to Toulon to see whether or no they happen to have a fleet handy. "Why do it?" asked a resident German. "We were only just wondering," was the answer.

"Which reminds me," said the KAISER, when he heard of it. And the very next day he had a review at Kiel.

And now, whenever a German and a Frenchman meet, they regard each other with a knowing smile.

The latest suggestion is that the removal of LEONARDO'S *Monna Lisa* was a political affair, and, for our part, we have given up trying to understand politics. Nevertheless, they continue in spite of us.

Professor OSCAR BROWNING has made a fierce attack upon the playing of the Bexhill bands. The bands in question have retaliated by continuing to play.

A colonel was charged the other day in the police court with throwing

bear in mind the spiteful and revengeful nature of tame fowl, and to avoid eggs in private life for the future.

The Daily Mail is advocating seawater for babies, but not solely on the ground that it is cheaper than milk.

One hundred thousand people have met in Berlin to protest against war. No doubt M. CAMBON and Herr VON KIDERLEN-WAECHTER themselves would like a little peace.

The latest strike is among the school-children of Llanelly, of whom there are seven thousand in all. Had the use of military force been required, everything pointed to the selection of the Boy Scouts for the purpose.

After all, there's nothing very original in the "Never-stop Trains" so much talked about. "Never-stop Motor-Buses," in our experience, have been on the road for some time.

Attention has been called this week to the existence of what is the worst thing in the aviator's lot, "holes in the air." "Darn them," says the Flying-man, with more warmth than wisdom.

The suggestion that Trades Unionists should wear only Union-made boots and shoes comes, says *The Daily Chronicle*, from the Boot and Shoe Operatives' Union. You would never have guessed that.

BURGESS has succeeded in swimming from England to France, thus setting his countrymen a magnificent example of pluck and economy.

And yet the Channel, though conquered at last, is left comparatively calm.

The Bitter Cry of the Suburbs.

"Wanted at once two or three good wallers,"
Advt. in "*South Wales Daily Post*."

There is only one LEWIS.

The Good Girl of the Family.

"WANTED, Monday week, two good sisters,"
Advt. in "*The Stage*."



"WILL YOU BE HERE WHEN I RETURN, BOATMAN?"

"NO! I SHALL BE UP AT THE 'BLUE PIG,' BUT IF YER JUST STANDS UP IN THE BOAT, WHISTLES TWICE, AND HOLLERS OUT 'NOBBY,' I'LL BE DARN IN A JIFF."

grave at his housekeeper. He pleaded that he had no deliberate intention, but that he upset the gravy and some of it happened to fall on the woman's face. The rest, apparently, dropped harmlessly on to the ceiling.

Members of Parliament are the most oppressed class in the country. A Mr. ARTHUR FELL gives vent to their chief grievance in a letter to *The Times*, in which he complains bitterly of having had £94 3s. 4d., a quarter's salary, forced upon him. As yet, however, there is no real fear of a general strike to prevent this abuse among all grades of Parliament men.

Judge SAUNDERS, of St. Louis, has decided that chickens are not allowed by law to get drunk. Having made this bold pronouncement from the bench, he would be well-advised to

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL.

PART II.

So the men, when they heard the Chief Bard utter the order that bade them try

For the awful dragon,
The dauntless dragon,

They all of them shouted "Aye!"

For everyone felt assured that he,

Whatever the fate of the rest might be,

However few of them might survive,

Was certainly safe to stay alive,

And was probably bound to deal the blow

That would shatter the beast and lay him low,

And end the days of their dragon-foe.

And all the women-folk egged them on:

It was "Up with your heart, and at him, John!"

Or "Gurth, you 'll bring me his ugly head,"

Or "Lance, my man, when you 've struck him dead

When he hasn't a wag in his fearful tail,

Carve off and bring me a blue-green scale."

Then they set to work at their swords and spears—

Such a polishing hadn't been seen for years.

They made the tips of their arrows sharp,

Re-strung and burnished the Chief Bard's harp,

Dragged out the traditional dragon-bag,

Sewed up the rents in the tribal flag;

And all in the midst of the talk and racket

Each wife was making her man a packet—

A hunch of bread and a wedge of cheese

And a nubble of beef, and, to moisten these,

A flask of her home-brewed, not too thin,

As a driving force for his javelin

When the moment arrived to spill

The blood of the terror

Hatched out in error

Who had perched his length on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

The night had taken her feast of stars, and the sun shot up in flame,

When "Now for the dragon!

Who hunts the dragon?"

The call from the watchers came;

And, shaking the mists of sleep away,

The men stepped into the light of day,

Twice two hundred in loose array;

With a good round dozen of bards to lead them

And their wives all waving their hands to speed them,

While the Chief Bard, fixed in his chair of state,

With his harp and his wreath looked most sedate.

It wasn't his place to fight or tramp;

When the warriors went he stayed in camp;

But still from his chair he harped them on

Till the very last of the host had gone,

Then he yawned and solemnly shook his head

And, leaving his seat, returned to bed,

To sleep, as a good man will

Who, braving malice and tittle-tattle,

Has checked his natural lust for battle,

And sent the rest to the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

PART III.

Marching at ease in the cheerful air, on duty and daring bent,

In quest of the dragon,

The fateful dragon,

The fierce four hundred went:

Over the hills and through the plain,

And up the slopes of the hills again.

The sleek rooks, washed in the morning's dew,

Rose at their coming and flapped and flew

In a black procession athwart the blue;

And the plovers circled about on high

With many a querulous piping cry.

And the cropping ewes and the old bell-wether

Looked up in terror and pushed together;

And still with a grim unbroken pace

The men moved on to their battle-place.

Softly, silently, all tip-toeing,

With their lips drawn tight and their eyes all glowing,

With gleaming teeth and straining ears

And the sunshine laughing on swords and spears,

Softly, silently on they go

To the hidden lair of the fearful foe.

They have neared the stream, they have crossed the bridge,

And they stop in sight of the rugged ridge,

And it's "Flankers back!" and "Skirmishers in!"

And the summit is theirs to lose or win—

To win with honour or lose with shame;

And so to the place itself they came,

And gazed with an awful thrill

At the ridge of omen,

Beset by foemen,

At the arduous summit, the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

But where was the dragon, the scale-clad dragon, the dragon that Dickon saw,

The genuine dragon,

The pitiless dragon,

The dragon that knew no law?

Lo, just as the word to charge rang out,

And before they could give their battle shout,

On a stony ledge

Of the ridge's edge,

With its lips curled back and its teeth laid bare,

And a hiss that ripped the morning air,

With its backbone arched

And its tail well starched,

With bristling hair and flattened ears,

What shape of courage and wrath appears?

A cat, a tortoiseshell mother-cat!

And a very diminutive cat at that!

And below her, nesting upon the ground,

A litter of tiny kits they found:

Tortoiseshell kittens, one, two, three,

Lying as snug as snug could be.

And they took the kittens with shouts of laughter

And turned for home, and the cat came after.

And when in the camp they told their tale,

The women—but stop! I draw a veil.

The cat had tent-life forced upon her

And was kept in comfort and fed with honour;

But Dickon has heard his fill

Of the furious dragon

They tried to bag on

The dragonless summit, the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill!

R. C. L.

A Broken Reed.

"Lost, between Beaconsfield Place and Bridge Street, 'WHERE IS IT!'"—*Advt. in "Aberdeen Evening Express."*

Quaint Local Customs: I. An Uxbridge Saying.

"Once more the long-suffering ratepayer demands, plaintively but imperatively—'Why is this thus?'"—*Uxbridge Gazette.*

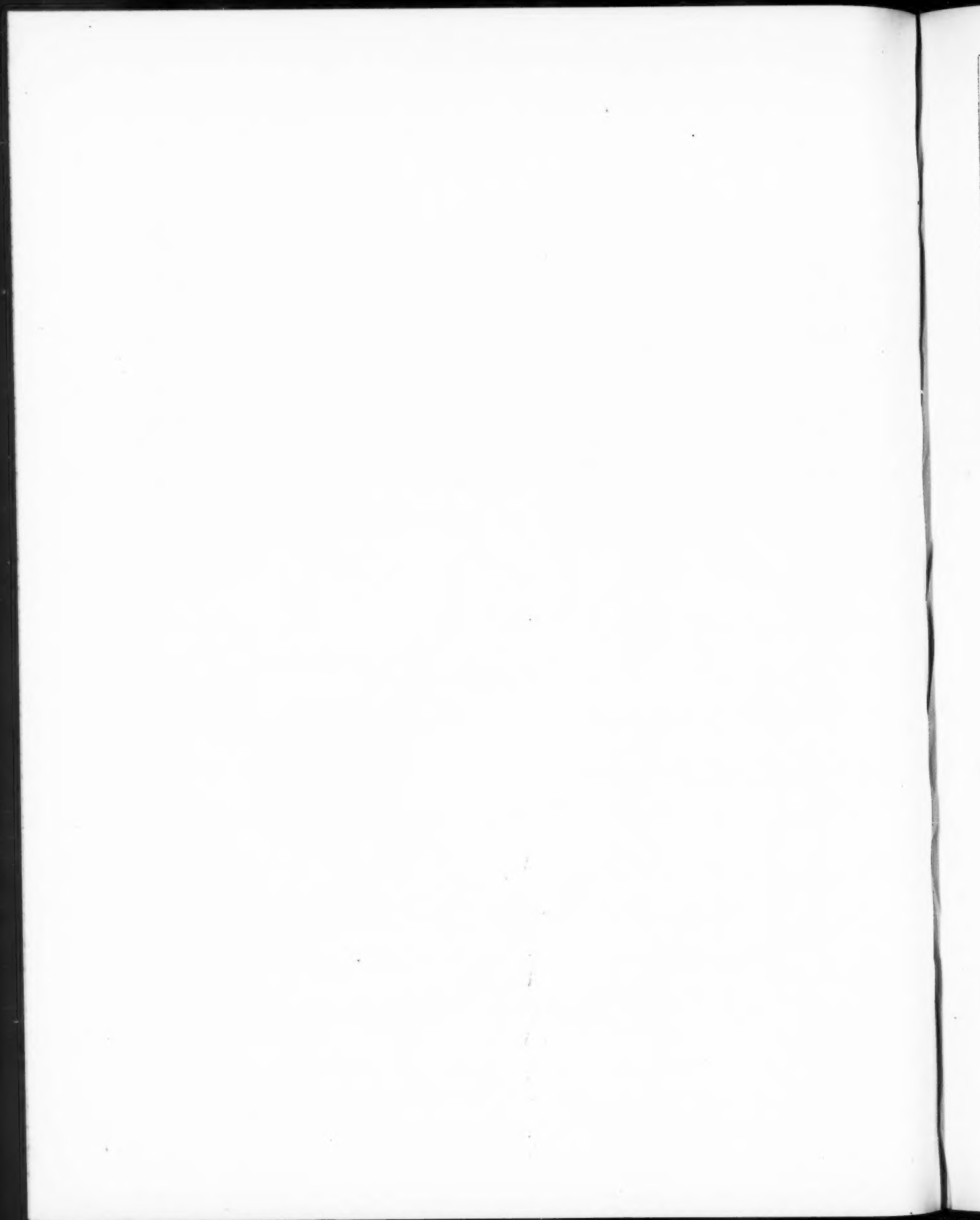


“OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.”

“METHOUGHT, I HEARD A VOICE CRY, ‘SLEEP NO MORE!’

STILL IT CRIED, ‘SLEEP NO MORE!’ TO ALL THE HOUSE.”

(Macbeth, Act II., Scene I.)





THE DRESSING-BAG HALF-STEP, AS DANCED IN THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO T. W. BURGESS

(Who swam the Channel on September 6th).

A HEALTH to bold BURGESS! All honour to him,
 And a full meed of fame to his marvellous swim!
 He had strength, skill and stoutness, endurance and pluck,
 And a varied assortment of good and bad luck.
 The waves couldn't stop or the currents defeat him,
 Though they all did their utmost to baffle and beat him,
 While the tides to-and-fro-ed him and led him a dance
 From the white cliffs of Kent to the Grey Nose of France;
 And there, when at last they could flout him no more,
 They retired in disgust and he paddled ashore.
Mr. Punch, who likes heroes—BILL BURGESS is one—
 Salutes him (on land) with a hearty "Well Done!"

DORMANT PORTRAITURE.

WE have it on the indisputable authority of *The Daily Mirror*, that a new photographic fashion is on the way from America, and that people are not only to be taken while they wait, but while they sleep—or snore. This may be all right for those of us who are sleeping beauties or postcard divinities, who would like to have forty winks (at the photographer), but we can't all sleep to order, and some people jib at an anaesthetist. Still, we have been so familiarised lately with bedroom scenes on the stage, that we shall no doubt collect unblenchingly the portraits of our pyjama-clad or curl-piped friends, taken recumbent and unawares. We shall, at any rate, know what they look like, minus the studio grin or the Society mask, and read their characters accordingly. Every well-equipped camera-artist will now receive his victims in his own private dormitory or doss-house, according to circumstances. Refractory patients will, of course,

have to be dealt with by a skilled hypnotist, or put to sleep with an upper cut on the point of the jaw by a tactful pugilist. Customers who need less drastic treatment may be soothed into slumber by a selection of the Hundred Worst Sermons or the recital, say, of "Curfew shall not ring to-right!" adequately droned. For really desperate cases of insomnia the lethal chamber will be the ultimate resort.

It is to be hoped, all the same, that there will be no further developments of this kind of portraiture. We don't look our best, for instance, when shaving or having a haircut, and not every lady is a heroine to her lady's-maid. Sleep-walkers also are apt to wear a worried expression, and should not be chased by the snap-shotter. We think, too, it would not be quite fair to bring the newly-invented cinephonograph into play, and record the chance remarks of talkative slumberers. Persons engaged with a nightmare should be allowed to work it off before being operated upon.

With these few precautions, we look forward to a refreshing variety in the portrait-studies of our private acquaintances and public favourites in the shop-windows.

"East is East and West is East."

"The morning sun was shining full upon the beautiful west front of Lichfield Cathedral."—*Yorkshire Post*.
 We had always meant to begin our novel like this, but, alas! we have been forestalled.

"The Indian Civil Examinations last many days, and the maximum number of marks is 6,000, of which some of the candidates will be rewarded by not one, the system of marking being peculiar, all candidates scoring 29, and fewer are credited with nothing."—*Glasgow News*.
 It is only fair to intending competitors in Glasgow to point out that in practice this rule is less harsh than it seems. It is very rarely indeed that a candidate fails to secure an appointment simply because he has scored only 19 marks out of 6,000, instead of 20.

HOW THEY BEGAN.

The *Daily Chronicle* of last Thursday contained an interesting account given by Lord KITCHENER's cousin, Mr. F. E. KITCHENER, Chairman of the Staffordshire Education Committee, at a prize-giving at Stone, of the early youth of the great Field-Marshal. Mr. KITCHENER said he had something to do with his cousin's early education. "Lord Kitchener was then a tall, overgrown lad, nearly 6ft. 1in. in height. He managed to scramble into Woolwich; he was not high in the lists, and no one thought anything about him. After leaving Woolwich he got his commission in the Royal Engineers, and still no one thought much about him. He got his first move up in the world when he was appointed on the Palestine Survey, and here he learnt how to manage native soldiers, and acquired a great deal of that command over men which to-day distinguished him. He got that, his first appointment, because some one was wanted to go to Palestine and take photographs, and it was this knowledge that gave Lord Kitchener the lift up."

We gather from the above affecting recital that Mr. KITCHENER instructed his cousin in the use of the camera. But this is not an isolated case of the assistance afforded to budding genius by distant members of the same family, as the following examples culled from the provincial press will sufficiently establish.

The Rev. Septimus Hawthorne Tree, on the occasion of the prize distribution at an Agricultural Show at Flampton Parva on Thursday, entranced his hearers with some striking reminiscences of his famous relative, Sir HERBERT. "HERBERT," said Mr. Tree, "when I first remember him, was a child of a curiously bucolic temperament, deeply interested in rural affairs—poultry, pigs and suchlike, but with no intellectual interests. Being slightly his senior, I was able to exercise some influence over him, and lent him books to read. I had recently been spending my holidays in Switzerland, where I had learned the art of jodelling from the peasants of that picturesque country—an art that I have not yet forgotten." Mr. TREE here uttered the familiar "Tra-la-liety" with a gusto and precision that electrified his audience. After the applause had died down, Mr. Tree continued: "One day, when I was indulging in my new accomplishment, HERBERT begged me to impart it to him. I complied, with such good results that at a penny reading held shortly afterwards he performed the *Ranz des*

Vaches with such success as to win the commendation of a theatrical manager who chanced to be present, and immediately offered him an engagement in his company. Thus it was through me that HERBERT acquired the rudiments of dramatic elocution that gave him his first leg up on the ladder of histrionic fame."

Mr. Orlando P. Maxse, third cousin once removed of the Editor of *The National Review*, gave some interesting details as to the early years of his distinguished relative, at a meeting of the Bacup branch of the Halsbury Guild on Saturday last. He said that when he first met his cousin he was a reserved, quiet lad of gentle demeanour and strong Teutonic proclivities. "No one thought much of him," continued Mr. Orlando Maxse, "until I took his education in hand and, in particular, addressed myself to the task of 'bringing up' his patriotism, which was latent, if not non-existent. Thanks, however, to my instruction, he made rapid progress and soon attained a mastery of forcible epithets which would not discredit the fo'c's'le of a whaler. In particular, I taught him the true use of the phrases, 'Mandarin,' 'Iscaiot,' 'poisonous politician,' and 'slimy arch-scuttler.' From that moment he has never looked back, and now has no superior in the gentle art of ornamental objurgation."

At a picnic held last Friday at Moreton-in-the-Marsh by the local Brass Band, Mr. Harold Dubberley, the honorary conductor, gave some interesting particulars about the early youth of his relative by marriage, the POET LAUREATE. Mr. Dubberley admitted that the relationship was remote, his great-grand-uncle having married the step-daughter of Mr. AUSTIN's great-grandfather, but they had been at the same school and were in the same class. Strange to say, Mr. AUSTIN's tastes in those days were strongly military, and he had decided to enter the Guards when Mr. Dubberley begged him to reconsider his verdict on the strength of a satiric stanza which he had composed about the French master. It ran as follows:—

"Why should we, honest English boys,
Learn French, a base barbaric noise?
Sooner than grovel to a Frog
I'd change my nature with a dog."

Letters not arms was clearly the career designed for the author of so brilliant a pasquinado. After some hesitation Mr. AUSTIN wrote to the War Office announcing his change of plans, and devoted himself thenceforth exclusively to the Muses.

Mr. GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P., it is not generally known, was bent on

becoming an acrobat. But he was rescued from this deplorable sacrifice of his great literary talents by the timely intervention of his relation, Sir H. Greenwood Tree, who instructed him in the true cult of the Stratford-on-Avon play actor and in the cryptographic art, with results which have so greatly conduced to the satisfaction of Sir SIDNEY LEE and Canon BEECHING.

At the annual Wayzgoose of the Golder's Green Temperance Bicycle Polo Club, held last Saturday at Yarmouth, Mr. A. Kipling Common regaled the company with some choice anecdotes of the early days of his illustrious relation, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. "In those days," observed the narrator, "RUDYARD was thought nothing of by his friends. But the sight of one of my letters in *The Morning Post* so fired his emulation that he decided to give up the Church, for which he was studying, and take to journalism. The impetus given by my example thus gave him the first lift on the upward course which carried him to the citadel of fame."

TO A CIVIC SEA-GULL.

You that flit over the river,
Tern of the Westminster tide,
Where the black barges deliver
Coal on the Waterloo side,
Renegade fowl and domestic,
Wouldn't you rather to-day
Be where Atlantic swings grave and
gigantic
Into a seal-haunted, salmon-run bay,
Where the two Uists loom lone and
majestic,
Far, far away?

Corky you come as the sparrows,
Seeking the bard and his dole,
Sprats from itinerant barrows,
Crumbs for to comfort your soul—
Say, shall he pass you unheeding,
Deaf to your mendicant woe,
All unobserving of white wings a-curvey-
ing,
Or shall he soften and suddenly glow—
Wax at the wail of your indigent
pleading?
Possibly so.

For, with your fluttersome fawning,
For, with your parasite cries,
Somehow he sniffs the cool dawning,
Somehow he sees the grey skies
Bend o'er the grey of the Islands,
Glint on the tides where they quest
Hawk-winged, those others, your hardier
brothers,
Wilder of pinion and bolder of breast,
By the dark shores where their skerries
and highlands
Frown to the West!

A LEAF FROM OUR HEALTH-CRANK'S NOTE-BOOK.



EARLY MORNING: A BARE-FOOT WALK THROUGH THE DEWY MEADOWS. (THISTLES AND FARMERS RATHER TRYING.)



THEN HALF AN HOUR WITH THE PATENT EXERCISER.



BREAKFAST: A HARD-BOILED COCOANUT AND A CUP OF CABBAGE TEA, IN THE GARDEN.



LEG-DRILL DOWN TO THE STATION. (NEWSPAPER BOY RUDE; SHALL NOT REMEMBER HIM AT CHRISTMAS.)



A "KORFO" CIGARETTE IN THE TRAIN. (OTHER TRAVELLERS SEEMED UNWELL AND FEEVISH; SHOULD TRY MY METHODS.)



EXERCISES AT THE OFFICE. (MUST TELL BOY NOT TO SHOW PEOPLE IN WHEN I'M BUSY.)



LUNCH OFF THAMES OZONE ON THE BRIDGE; DRAW IT IN THROUGH THE NOSE WITH CORRECT EXERCISES. (POLICE OFFICIOUS.)



TURNED "STRAFHANGING" TO GOOD ACCOUNT.



FELT FAINT COMING HOME. RAILWAY PEOPLE INSISTED ON TAKING ME UP TO THE HOUSE IN THE STATION STRETCHER. (MEDDLING FOOLS! BUT I DO THINK THE COCOANUT AT BREAKFAST WAS A TRIFLE UNDERDONE.)

A. T. SMITH

A GLUT IN THE MARKET.

PART II.

[*Synopsis.*—Phyllis, a paragon of beauty, is demanded in marriage by no fewer than forty-four suitors, including William Smith. She has declared that, with a slight preference for the latter gentleman, she cannot make up her mind. "If," she as good as said, "one of you was of the aristocracy, I, being a snob, should have no difficulty in selecting that one." At the time when this announcement was made the suitors were all indubitably Common. At the point where we resume the narrative, however, forty-three of her suitors have just called upon her to inform her that they are now one and all elevated to the Peerage.]

Phyllis. But what an extraordinary thing!

Chorus of Suitors.

We will explain; but may we . . .

Phy. Smoke?

Cho. No. Sing.

We were met by a man of some thirty-odd years

(A haunter of taverns or bar gent)

Who whispered, "Abandon your humble careers,

Accountants, Solicitors, Engineers,

I've jobs for you all." He was, it appears,

A Peerage Recruiting Sergeant.

We yawned and frowned and tried to look bored,

And murmured, "How interestin'!"

But the mere idea of becoming a Lord Took rather a lot of digestin'.

He talked a lot (as we thought by rote) Of the present political crisis.

Our job was simple; we'd only to note To do as we're told, when it comes to the vote,

And do it *en bloc*. We asked him to quote

Inclusive and catalogue prices.

We humm'd and ha'd and resorted to bluff,

And pretended to be dejected;

But the ultimate terms were handsome enough,

And more than we ever expected.

(*Recitative.*)

Now we've risen to the Peerage,

We demand yourself in marriage.

This, of course, is not the time

For to cavil at the rhyme.

Phy. It is obvious, is it not?

I shall have to wed the lot.

[*Enter a band of young ladies, clad appropriately in blue pyjamas. They execute an irrelevant dance and withdraw.*]

(*Enter William Smith.*)

Sm. Mornin', Phyllis. How d'y'e do?

Phy. Have they made a Peer of you?

Sm. Heavens, no!

Phy. Off you go!

Cho. And a pleasant riddance, too!

Smith.

Just before I get along,
May I sing a little song?
It will only take a minute,
There is really nothing in it.

The House of Lords, they say,
Is full to overflowing,
And Marquises to-day
Are hardly worth the knowing.

No decent woman has
The least desire to marry
Such vulgar people as
Lords Tom and Dick and Harry.

I should not be surprised
To be informed that Bill is,
So far from the despised,
The only man for Phyllis.

Already, unbeknown,
The lady is contriving
To marry me, the on-ly
Commoner surviving.

I need say nothing more.
But if she thinks of mating,
She'd better hurry, for
There's lots of others waiting.

Phyllis (to William Smith).

Time was when I could ill afford
To underestimate a Lord;
But now the Baron, Earl and Viscount
Are, so they tell me, at a discount.
St. George's Church is in Hanover
Square
And, if you like, you can marry me
there. [*Business.*]

Chorus of Rejected Suitors.

My word, did you see how he kissed her!
We'd smack her, if she were our sister.
She is such a snob,
We'd have bet you a bob
She couldn't say "No" to a Mister.

[*Enter once more the band of young ladies, clad in bathing costumes. By a happy coincidence their numbers prove to be exactly forty-three, so they are able to pair off with the rejected suitors.*]

FINAL CHORUS.

The Gentlemen to the Ladies of the Chorus.

In making Peers, they had their eye
On you, we understand.
Their object being that our supply
Should equal your demand.

The Ladies of the Chorus, in reply.

The Peerage! The Peerage!
We're loyal to the Peerage.
Though now, alas!
It's second class,
Or, speaking frankly, steerage.
(*General air of satisfaction.*)

CURTAIN.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

(*A Sea-side Story.*)

THERE could certainly be no two opinions about his extreme good-looks. Even the nicest girl (and the first point I wish to emphasise is that She *was* a thoroughly nice girl) had to think that. It was practically impossible to avoid some kind of thought on the subject, seeing that they met twice, three times, and sometimes more often still, every day. She was staying with her aunt at the far—or quiet—end of the Marine Parade; He, it appears, must have been staying somewhere in the town. The important result was that they both approached the pier, the band-stand, and the bathing-machines by the same route. Hence, meetings. At the end of three days She had got to know his light flannel suit quite well; at the end of a week She could detect and recognise his hat-ribbon on the far side of a crowd.

Midway through the second week—they spoke. Put like that, it all sounds rather fast and vulgar, and not at all the kind of thing that ought to happen to a thoroughly nice girl, who is also what is called a lady. But there were several extenuating circumstances; notable amongst them the fact that He was so fortunate as to save her aunt's life. The affair was simple, not dramatically heroic perhaps, but efficacious. A large wave, taller and much stronger than her aunt, having treacherously attacked that lady from behind, when no one was minding her, and her own attention was temporarily attracted towards the shore, the result was that her aunt disappeared from mortal ken for the space of perhaps three minutes and a half. Then he, seeing what had happened, very promptly stooped down, and not only restored her aunt to an upright posture, but supported her thus till She arrived to relieve him. This was their introduction.

Of course, after this they could do no less than consider him in some sort a friend. They would bow and smile in passing. Once or twice a coincidence of seats at the pier or the band-stand led to quite lengthy conversations, though of a strictly general character. Her aunt was always present. In the water, however, where (since the incident of the wave) She appeared alone, a distant nod was still her only greeting. As I said, She was a thoroughly nice girl. Nevertheless it is undeniable that, as the month wore on, She enjoyed her visit in an increasing ratio calculated according to the number of their accidental encounters.

About this time She began, naturally enough, to wonder a good deal who He was. Her aunt spent most of every year at Cheltenham, and it takes a lot to baffle the curiosity of an inhabitant of Cheltenham, yet it was noteworthy that one or two questions adroitly worked by the elder lady into the thread of conversation had produced practically no result. Whether from intention or not (and his manner was unconsciousness itself) He remained a mystery.

Their final conversation deserves to be recorded. Her aunt was within doors, packing, for they were returning to town on the following morning. It was nine o'clock, and moonlight. She had run out for a moment, to post a letter, She said, and the pillar-box that She chose to patronize (though there were others nearer) was just beyond the band-stand. He was there. She passed, with her usual A1 quality smile, perhaps a shade brighter than usual, posted her letter, passed again, and then, acting on an uncontrollable impulse, turned and held out her hand.

"This is good-bye," She said. "We are off to-morrow. My aunt told me if I met you to be sure and make her farewells." This was a gratuitous lie; her aunt had said nothing of the kind, would, indeed, have been very properly horrified had she known of the conversation. "We shall neither of us ever forget what you did," She said.

"Oh! it wasn't anything," He said. Which was quite true; it wasn't—except in its consequences.

There was a little pause. "It's been awfully jolly," She continued, looking away over the sea, and the place where the moonlight turned the tops of the bathing machines to silver, "hasn't it? I'm awfully sorry it's all over!" By "it" She meant "you."

"So am I," He said; and He meant "you" too, and She knew it.

There was another pause. "Well, good-bye," She said, giving him her hand for the second time. "Perhaps we shall meet again in town. We live in Kensington, and one's always running up against people, isn't one?"

"Yes," He said, "I hope so. Good-bye."

So they parted. All the way back to the lodgings she was cursing herself for a conventional fool; but the fact remains that amongst the things a thoroughly nice girl cannot do is to give her card to a strange young man and ask him to call. If only her aunt had been there to do it for her . . . Afterwards She began to wonder whether He had looked a little startled when She mentioned Kensington.

And that was the end? They were



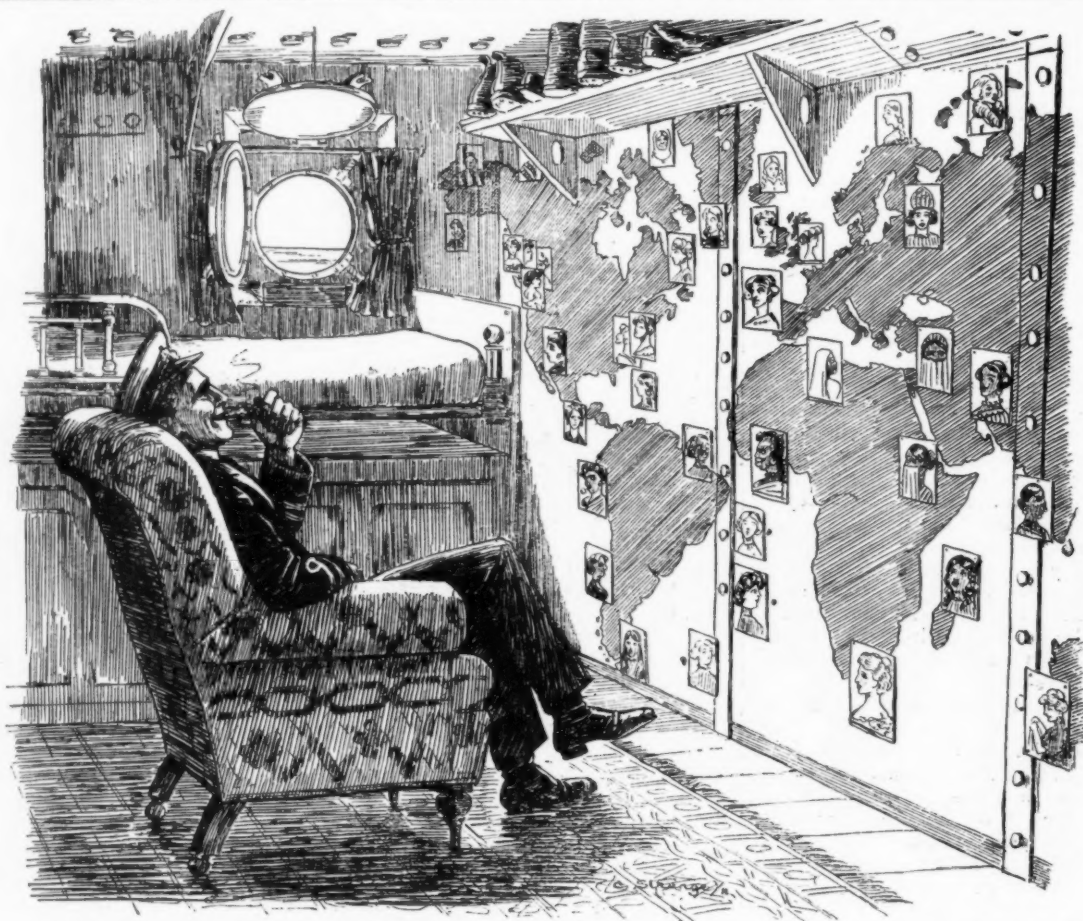
FAME.

He. "DID YOU SEE MY PORTRAIT IN THE PAPER YESTERDAY?"

She. "NO! WHAT WERE YOU CURED OF?"

never to meet again? Not so; for now we approach the climax, and there can be no climax without the presence of both hero and heroine. It happened like this. Her aunt, who was staying on with them in Kensington, because Cheltenham is still too warm in September, wanted to buy some black suede gloves, six and a quarter, with four buttons. It is notorious that the place where you get your suede gloves freshest in Kensington is Plumleigh's, at the corner of the Brompton Road. Plumleigh's is a large and excellent shop, at which her people, for reasons that need not concern us, had never dealt. The result was that the assistants there were personally unknown to her; also the geography of the place, so that, when they entered it, they stood for an instant, her aunt

and She, hesitating as to the direction of the Glove department. And then. . . Must I go on? Behind them, as they stood thus, a voice was heard, a voice which both knew and recognised instantly. She turned with parted lips, and face a little pale with sudden emotion, and saw . . . No. He was not behind the counter, rubbing his hands, and saying, "What can I do for you this morning, ladies?" He had just come into the shop with his mother, like any ordinary customer, and her aunt asked him to call, and He did, and it turned out that his mother was an Honourable. So They were wed, and merrily rang the bells. But the Disappointment? you ask me. Ah! the disappointment, gentle reader, is yours. You know very well what you were expecting. Sold again.



INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR METHODICALLY ARRANGING PHOTOGRAPHS. ADOPTED (AND PATENTED) BY IMPRESSIONABLE AND MUCH-TRAVELLED NAVAL OFFICER.

ST. ANDREWS, 1911.

[St. Andrews is now full of delegates from all over the world, who are met together to celebrate, from the 12th to the 15th inst., the Quingenary (i.e., five-hundredth anniversary) of the oldest university in Scotland.]

ST. ANDREWS by the Northern sea
Is just as full as it can be
Of famous men from every shrine
Where Learning's sacred lamp doth shine.

From Cam they came, and Isis too,
From Paris, Brussels and Peru,
From Yale and Harvard and Chefoo,
And dusky dons from Timbuctoo;
From manse and common-room and deanery,
From tropic clime and arctic scenery,
To celebrate a great "Quingenary."

Gay were their robes—enough to pale
The rainbow when it spans the vale:
The hues were of a thousand kinds,
And yet the treasures of their minds
Were brighter still and more assorted

Than were the gorgeous gowns they sported.

Was nothing in this world below
These learned doctors did not know:
This one, though doubtless at a loss
To find his way to Charing Cross,
Is quite prepared to guide and boss us
Around the ruined drains at Cnossus;
One proves, as well as can be done,
The *Iliad* is the work of one;
The next has evidence in plenty
To show it is the work of twenty.
Yon learned don, when he's at work, 'll
Square with the utmost ease the circle,
While that one has the subtlest notion

Regarding everlasting motion;
And it is even rumoured round
That in a corner may be found
One soul quite conscious of the thought
That what he knows is really nought.

Though all things, as I said before,
These learned doctors know—and more,

On one small point they seem to me
The least inclined to be at sea—
They can't with confidence avow
What a "Quingenary" may be.

Tree Struck by Thunder.

"Sir Herbert Tree, when in the midst of a long soliloquy which has to be delivered to a running accompaniment of thunder, was amazed to hear a loud peal of thunder come in at the wrong place.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, turning to the stage hands, and was considerably surprised when told that it was not stage thunder, but a genuine thunderclap outside the theatre."—*Daily Mirror*.

"We are requested to announce that the order for the casket to be presented to His Majesty by the Municipality of C. P. and Berar has been entrusted to Messrs. Labh Chand Moti Chand Mookims and Court Jewellers, of the metropolis. We are sure they will execute this work in their usual excellent manner and to the satisfaction of all concerned."—*Bengalee*.

MR. LABH CHAND: Blank!

MR. MOTI CHAND: Blankety blank!

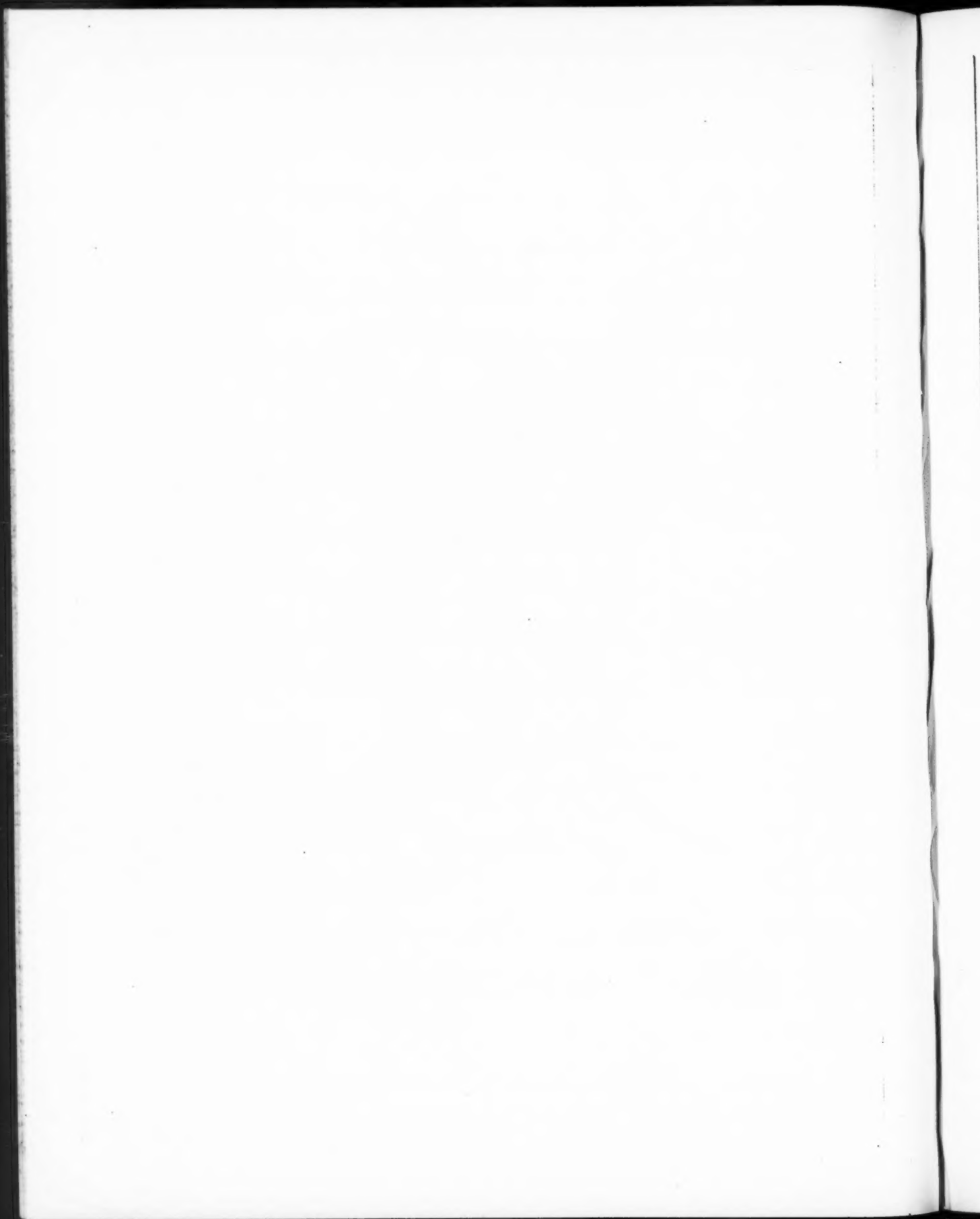
MR. MOOKIMS: Blankety blankety blank!

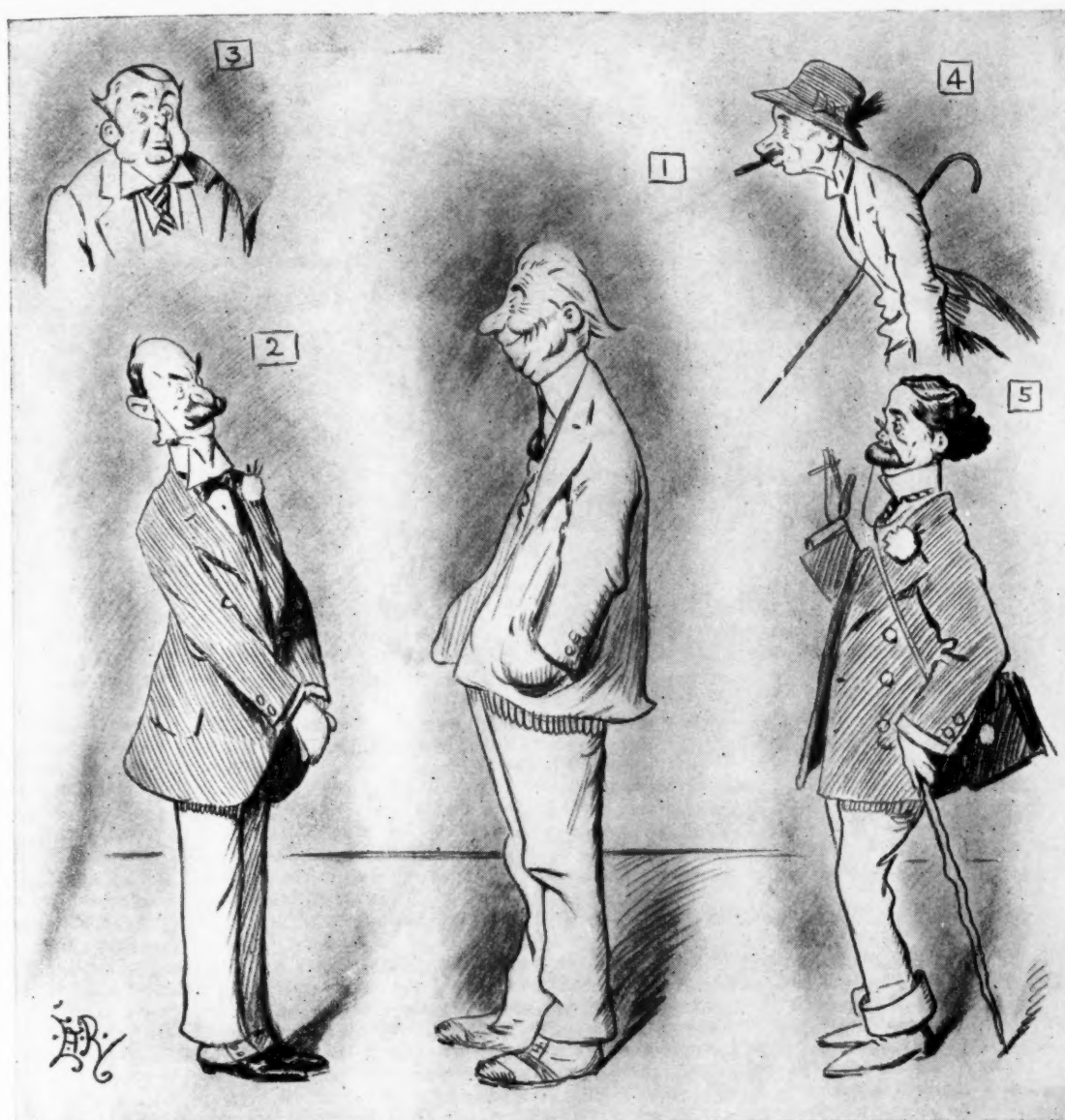


ADMIRALS OF THE "PACIFIC."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "A STRONG FLEET IS THE BEST GUARANTEE OF PEACE!"

M. FALLIÈRES. "QUITE SO! TO MAKE A CERTAINTY OF IT, HERE IS OUR CONTRIBUTION."





HOLIDAY RESEMBLANCES.

Some people of inaccurate vision have a wonderful propensity for detecting, in humble individuals in unlikely places, amazing resemblances to well-known statesmen, and our artist is often called in to give authoritative decision as to whether these celebrities are really there or not.

He has been reluctantly compelled to decide, in the cases depicted above, (1) that in spite of a certain delusive *prima-facie* resemblance, this is not Mr. ASQUITH—(this has been a great disappointment to local Unionists); (2) that no one acquainted with the House of Lords—not even a “Die-Hard”—would dream of supposing this to be Lord LANSDOWNE; (3) that, in this case, a mere superficial resemblance to Lord ROSEBERY will not bear a moment’s inspection in detail; (4) despite a noticeable air of almost aggressive independence, this is *not* Lord HUGH CECIL; (5) and, finally, that no real lover of the down-trodden masses would for a moment mistake this somewhat elaborate little gentleman for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—(this decision was a grievous blow to the person concerned as he had always been led to suppose, by friends in Peckham Rye, that the likeness was remarkable).

England’s Need.

“An anonymous donor, signing himself ‘Englishman from beyond the seas,’ has offered Mr. Haldane £10,000 sterling as a gift to the nation for the purchase of a rifle range near one of the thickly populated districts in England.

The donor emphasises the growing impulse of the Empire towards united action for defence, and states that Woolley or Mead would

be accepted, the latter subject to the approval of the Hampshire Authorities.”—*Hong Kong Daily Press.*

If WOOLLEY and MEAD are wanted for running-targets we must protest that we cannot spare them. Much better have a couple of minor professionals from Rutland, who would never be missed.



Irate Gentleman (to his gardener). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY TELLING PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE THAT I'M A STINGY MASTER?"

Gardener. "NO FEAR O' ME A-DOIN' THE LIKES O' THAT, GUV'NOR. I ALLUS KEEPS MY THOUGHTS TO MYSELF."

THE PONY-CARTS.

WE were talking about London. It is a good subject.

"What is the prettiest sight in London?" some one had asked; and we were discussing it, each naming his choice.

"The prettiest sight in London?" I said. "Why, a string of hay barges being towed up the river by a tug at six o'clock on a fine afternoon. Seen from the Embankment somewhere about Cleopatra's Needle, or from Westminster Bridge looking east."

They agreed that that was a good sight, and we passed on to the next. This was the lady in the grey hat. "The most beautiful sight in London just now," she said, "is the sky above the Court of Honour at the White City just after the lamps are lit. It is the deepest, richest, intensest blue you ever dreamed of. There are many lovely intense blues—the blue of the peacock, the blue of the kingfisher, the blue of a Persian tile, the blue of a Rhodian plate—but this is the most wonderful of all."

We agreed again; but an objection was lodged by the author of the debate. "Not a beautiful sight," he said, "but a pretty sight is what we want. You fly too high. London is so full of beauty that we must discuss that later. Just now we are after pretty things only. Next, please."

The journalist came next. "To me," he said, "there is nothing prettier than

the pigeons at the Museum soaring round and embarrassing a little girl with a bag of corn—especially if you see them as you go in, with the darkness of the portico for a background. That is pretty, if you like. And then someone will startle them, and they will fly up to the roof, blue grey and white grey against blackness, and beauty is achieved. The distinction is illustrated there in perfection, I think."

"If it comes to birds," said his neighbour, "surely the gulls at Blackfriars Bridge are even more beautiful. Their movements are freer, their wings are broader; they suggest the open sea. And yet here they are in London in their hundreds waiting to be fed, just as if they were sparrows on a frozen lawn in winter."

"Oh, but what about the little red cottage among the rushes at the Horse Guards' end of St. James's Park?" said the lady in the black hat. "It is like a toy, and the ducks and moorhens and coots and terns swim about in the water beneath it, while the guinea-fowls and pelicans and storks promenade on the banks. That's most awfully pretty always."

The lady in the purple hat, who sat next to her, murmured approval. "Yes," she said, "I have often watched them. But my vote for the prettiest sight would, I think, go for the little mothers in the parks—Kensington Gardens, say—all so busy with their families—so grubby and so slangy and yet so responsible and masterful.

I see them every fine day, and they always delight me. It is funny that little girls should so naturally suggest mothers, while little boys never suggest fathers. Yet so it is."

There was some talk as to whether the lady in the purple hat had described prettiness so much as an interesting spectacle; but, after all, it depends (as she said) very much on how you use words.

"Well," said her neighbour, "I believe I can beat that. You vote for the little girls; my vote shall go to the little boys. Do you know that this summer, on a hot week-day afternoon, I went all the way to Victoria Park in the East End just to see the bathers there. It's a shallow lake, a hundred yards long, and I swear to you that there were a thousand little East End boys in it at once—all naked and glowing in the sun, and all so jolly. I never saw so many naked boys before. It was 'the colour of life' in intensest movement. I thought of BLAKE's line 'thousands of little boys and girls waving their innocent hands'; but these were flashing their innocent limbs. It is not only my prettiest London sight but the most cheerful."

This contribution completing the list, we waited for the author of the discussion to name his choice and end it. "Well," we asked, "and what is the prettiest sight in London?"

"The pony-carts," he answered. "The little pony-carts that crop up mysteriously among the wagons and taxis and motor-buses in Piccadilly and the Strand, even in Cheapside, and trot along so bravely and undismayed, and take their place so naturally in these untoward surroundings, and disappear as suddenly as they came. I always stand to watch them—the plucky little things, with their absurd little four brisk legs, and their four merry little hoo's, and their two ridiculous wheels. They are to me the prettiest sight in London."

Personally I think the Victoria Park bathers won it.

A TEA FIGHT.

WE came upon Dorothy, my brother John and I, in a large tent hung round with pink and white calico, selling tea to a number of men, and smiling beautifully from under a most enormous hat at another girl, not quite so pretty as herself, who was jointly in charge. We sat down near the door and waited, and after a little she caught sight of us and brought us some tea. And while we were drinking it she stood for a moment or two leaning against the little table next to ours in the way



MR. PUNCH IS DELIGHTED TO HEAR OF THE WONDERFUL RESULTS OF THE SALT WATER TREATMENT FOR BABIES. BUT HE WOULD SUGGEST THAT PARENTS SHOULD NOT CARRY IT TOO FAR, AS IN CASE OF HIS BABYSHIP BEING DISPLEASED THERE MIGHT ENSUE THE ABOVE SCENE.

girls have, without knocking anything over, and said: "I want you to do me a favour, will you? And we said we would, and waited to hear what it was before deciding which of us should do it; because we had both of us done favours for Dorothy before.

She looked round a moment and went on: "I want you to go out, and send anyone you can find to have tea. You know a lot of people here, I expect, and each one helps. You remember what Mr. Harberry said last Sunday." Mr. Harberry is the young, bachelor Rector, but we did not remember what he said last Sunday. Then she added, as she turned away: "Be sure you send them to me, won't you? I've sold fourteen so far, and she's sold twelve."

So we went out into the bazaar, through the stalls where they sold needlework, to where the men were gathered together waiting till it was time to go, and to'd them that they gave you a capital tea for a shilling in a tent we pointed out, and that there was a very decent-looking girl there in a big hat with red flowers in it.

At about six o'clock we came back to see how things were going on. There were still one or two people in the big tent, and the other girl and Dorothy

were standing together in the middle talking and smiling at each other. Dorothy came down to us after a time, to see what we wanted, and we asked her what the score was; and she smiled rather queerly, and said, "She's one ahead. Did you send anyone as I asked you, or have you been asleep?"

We told her what we had done, and how we had described her hat so that there should be no mistake, and Dorothy at once threw out her hands in a way she has to signify that one is an utter imbecile, and exclaimed: "Red flowers in it! Why, hers has got a lot of great flaring poppies—" And she stopped short and looked at us exactly as a jockey might look at two tailors. "Oh, but if that isn't just too exactly like a man!" she said.

We both felt rather foolish, because, of course, we had not noticed what the other girl was wearing in her hat. Only John, who is very careless sometimes in what he says, blurted out: "But we said there was an awfully pretty girl—" But I kicked him on the ankle so hard that he stopped with a little gasp. Dorothy flushed, and then, for she is very good-natured really, she began to laugh, and said it didn't matter at all really, only we

must go away now, as they were just closing.

But quite suddenly I had an idea. I pushed John into a chair and sat down beside him. "No," I said very masterfully, "we want tea—two teas, please."

Dorothy stared at me with her lips apart. "You can't," she said. "You've had one. It wouldn't be fair. It would be cheating—at least, wouldn't it?" Then she looked from one of us to the other, and smiled like a big, beautiful flower. "You dears!" she said. "I should like to kiss you." But she did not mean that really, of course.

However, she promised us that we should drive her home; and then, while we were drinking our tea, who should come in but the Rector himself. Both Dorothy and the other girl went to talk to him, and we heard him ask how they had been getting on, and Dorothy answered for them both that she had sold thirty-seven teas, and the other girl thirty-six. And he said it was a very close finish.

But Dorothy never appeared for us to take her home, and on the way we passed her walking with the Rector, and so much interested in what he was saying that she did not see us at all.

AT THE PLAY.

"MACBETH."

THE barren (or, if you will, blasted) heath was in darkness, save for a fitful flash of lightning which, to those who knew, revealed the fact that the scene was Scotland. The thunder growled itself into the distance, and there came that sudden terrible pause which heralds Nature's most awful effects. High on a lonely rock in the west appeared the grim figures of *Banquo* and the *Thane of Glamis*, huge in the darkness. Then the fury of the elements burst forth again, and, as Heaven willed, a terrible flash of lightning missed *Banquo* and rested long upon the face of *Macbeth*, long enough indeed for everyone to make sure that it was really Sir HERBERT. The thunder of our applause followed; for myself, I think I shouted, "Speech, speech!" And as soon as silence was restored, Sir HERBERT responded. He looked round the lonely heath and said impressively, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." It was certainly a horrid day, but it was a magnificent entry.

In a note circulated to the audience the producer says that there has been much discussion whether *Macbeth* was a brave soldier or a black-hearted villain. Sir HERBERT, I fancy, is on the side of the black-hearted and neurotic villain. The more I saw of *Macbeth* the less I regarded him as a brave, if ruthless, soldier. The idea of his unseaming anybody from the nape to the chaps, as mentioned in the second scene, seemed more absurd with each following scene; so that, in the end, those two fine lines, which seem so nearly to excuse all the villainies of brave men—

"Ring the alarum bell—Blow wind! Come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back!"

—could only be interpreted as the last pose of a neurotic. "Praise for Sir HERBERT"—he was a magnificent neurotic.

Yet I have never before been so much impressed with the extraordinary unreality of acting. There were only three or four moments in the whole evening when it was possible quite to forget that one was in a theatre; and I am afraid that those moments were due chiefly to the extraordinary reality of the scenery. "The Courtyard of the castle" (HARKER) was so real, the little staircase in the corner where *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* sheltered gave such a natural, almost homely,

touch to their plottings that one could not help but believe—even though *Macbeth* would talk about "me hand" and *Lady Macbeth* about "me father." Similarly the "Room in *Macbeth's* castle" (CRAVEN) seemed so entirely to suit *Lady Macbeth* that a wave of naturalness went over the stage for a moment. Indeed *Miss Vanbrugh*, indistinct as her delivery was in this her opening scene, never seemed to me to be quite so good again—with the possible exception of the sleep-walking scene, where she was excellent, and where again the simple staging helped her.

It is a tribute to the greatness of the play—and, perhaps, also of the players—that none of the representations of the many other talented actors and actresses impresses itself upon the memory. The poetry absorbs them; the drama moves on, however interpreted. At His Majesty's it moves



Lady Macbeth (Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH). "Why do you make such faces?"

Macbeth (Sir HERBERT TREE). "Think of this but as a thing of custom; 'tis no other."

(Act III. Scene 4.)

slowly. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly, for it starts at 8, and one must get home some time. But being done as Sir HERBERT does it, with *Macbeth* so little the man of action, I doubt if it loses anything by being long drawn out. And you seem to get more SHAKSPEARE for your money. M.

ABOUT AN EAR.

It is a terrible admission for a mother to have to make, but I am compelled to own that my son is disappointed in me. I had had momentary qualms lest he should despise my intellect, detest my disposition or fail to agree with my opinions, but I had never imagined that it could be *my ear* that would cause this sudden coldness.

Of course the first mistake I made was in not realising that we were at cross purposes. We were lazily lying on the sands together and I thought it a favourable opportunity to commence his education—that is, to drum into his

plastic and unresisting little brain all those pet theories of mine that my contemporaries would have none of. But he, unmistakably bored with me as a tutor, asked only that I should uncomplainingly act the part of Mountain Range and allow him to satisfy his desire to ascend to the summit.

Since he is a child of single purpose, not lightly to be turned aside from a determination, I realised, before I had decided on my course of action, that he was comfortably seated astride my arm engaged in exploring the intricacies of my ear.

On discovering that I, his own mother, possessed that wonderful and complicated thing (the mystery of which is lost on adults)—a human ear, he exhibited an almost excessive elation. He pinched it to make sure that he was awake, he tickled it to see if it could move, he cocked it with hair until completely hidden for the sole pleasure of finding it again.

But, since the day was hot, it was not long before he became aware of the fact that has struck every child since the world began—that parents are incurably selfish. His harmless sport was denied him, and for a moment or two he lay prostrate on the sand aghast at his first glimpse of the Injustice of Life.

Had he been more eloquent at the time I think he would have told me that, whereas his ten toes and the wrinkle of fat round his wrists, about which he permitted me to grow enthusiastic, were to him the most prosaic things on earth, an adult ear, on the contrary, was one of the wonders of the world. But since the language of the Splutter and the Gurgle does not permit of argument he ignored my commands and struggled up again to the point of vantage.

It was then that the disillusionment began. My ear, he discovered, was not all he had thought it. He poked his finger into it once or twice, but drew it out again, disheartened. He tried to undo it and flatten it out so as to be able to mould it to his own satisfaction. It was, he decided, too maze-like. No longer satisfied with what, in the first enthusiasm of discovery, had appeared so delightful, his imagination had constructed an Ideal Ear, and it seemed to him that one ought to be able to place one's finger on the outside curve and trace it round spirally until the centre was reached. That was his conception of what an ear, a truly interesting ear, should be.

It was useless for me to tell him that



Housekeeper. "LOSH ME LAIRD, YE'LL NO HAVE ASKET ALL THAE FOLKS TO STOP THE NIGHT! THERE ISNA BEDS FOR THE HALF O' THEM."

Laird. "HOOTS, WOMAN! DINNA FASH YERSEL. GIE THEM PLENTY WHISKEY AND THEY 'LL FIND BEDS FOR THEMSELVES."

my features had not been constructed merely for his amusement. "For what, then?" he seemed to ask me with unfeigned astonishment. No, it was no good my making excuses. My ear was not the perfect ear. He felt he would have liked his mother to own a simple, direct kind of ear—not one full of pitfalls and sudden turns. Of his own accord he slid down on to the sand again and lay crushed with disappointment.

It was a terrible experience for me. He looked into my face, most plainly telling me that he could never feel the same towards me again. I was hurt. My pride was lowered, and it was then that this coldness arose between us which we can neither of us shake off.

I have roused him to examine other people's ears. Time after time he has been cast back into gloom again. But I try to cheer him, filling him with hope that the Next Ear will be the one for which we are searching.

I never thought I should be capable of duplicity in my dealings with my own son. I can only hope that when he grows to manhood he will believe that I acted solely from a motherly

desire to accustom him early to the disappointments of life. But, while outwardly sympathetic, I am deliberately causing him pain and shattering his illusions because, out of a pitiable vanity, I want him to see that other ears are as far from his ideal as mine.

A SONG OF SYRINX.

LITTLE lady, whom 'tis said
Pan tried very hard to please,
I expect before you fled
'Nea'h the wondering willow-trees,
Ran away from his caress
In the Doric wilderness,
That you'd led him on a lot,
Said you would, and then would not,—
No way that to treat a man,
Little lady loved of Pan!

I expect you'd dropped your eyes
(Eyes that held your stream's own
hue,
Kingfishers and dragon-flies
Sparkling in their ripple blue),
And you'd tossed your tresses up,
Yellow as the cool king-cup,
And you'd dimpled at his vows
Underneath the willow boughs,

Ere you mocked him, ere you ran,
Little lady loved of Pan!

So they've turned you to a reed,
As the great Olympians could,
You've to bow, so they've decreed,
When old Pan comes through the
wood,
You've to curtsy and to gleam
In the wind and in the stream
(Which are forms, I've heard folks say,
That the god adopts to-day),
And we watch you bear your ban,
Little lady loved of Pan!

For in pleasant spots you lie
Where the lazy river is,
Where the chasing whispers fly
Through the beds of bulrushes,
Where the big chub, golden dun,
Turns his sides to catch the sun,
Where one listens for the queer
Voices in the splashing weir,
Where I know that still you can
Weave a spell to charm a man,
Little lady loved of Pan!

"As they drank, the four joined hands."
"Daily Express" feuilleton.

Try this at dinner to-night. It will
keep the table in a roar.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MEDICAL science has done wonders for romance, and it was a glad day for novelists when it was discovered that if you hit a man hard over the head, or gave him a sudden shock, he might lose his memory completely, with the chance of regaining it many years later when the ethics of justice or sensation demanded. This handy little device has been well used in *Nigel Ferrard* (MILLS AND BOON), where Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS has made a small girl of fourteen, wandering in her sleep, the chance witness of a dreadful midnight crime. Two surgeons are conducting an operation, and one of them deliberately poisons his patient, subsequently inducing his friend, the nephew and heir of the dead man and the actual operator, to believe that he has bungled with the knife, and for his own sake had better hush up the affair. *Nigel Ferrard* therefore adopts the unknown and inopportune child, who is found to have lost all knowledge of her past life. When she grows up, he marries her, and they are entirely happy, until Marchmont, the other doctor, falls under the suspicion of his wife, who had been originally engaged to the murdered man: and thus everything is ripe for the thunderbolt to fall. When she is describing a scene of terror or some state of mental distress or bewilderment Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS writes exceedingly well, but she seems to underestimate the value of conversation in romance, and makes very little attempt to increase our knowledge of or our sympathy with her characters by its aid, so that I found myself not so much stirred as I should have liked to be by the final catastrophe and revelation of guilt. But there is no doubt that the pathological situation is one for which the old tragedians would have given pounds and pounds.

My theory is that *Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist* (WARD, LOCK), started its literary life in the form of monthly contributions to a fourpence-halfpenny magazine. If this is not the fact, the supposition serves at least to show you the kind of person *Stranleigh* was, and how Mr. ROBERT BARR has treated him. He had, to begin with, so much money that he simply didn't know how on earth to get rid of it; and the worst was, that often, when he thought he was chucking the wretched stuff away, in charity or to oblige a friend, a turn of events would bring it all back to him increased sevenfold. So that he went on becoming more and more a multi-millionaire, and not being able to help it. To me, nowadays, there is something very simple and beautiful in a story like that. I have enough of the *Triplet* in me to love that my hero should be able to write a cheque after lunch for a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds, and not remember it at tea-time; and this pleasure Mr. ROBERT BARR has certainly

given me with no stinting hand. I wish I could say that the tales—for, as is the custom with magazine-characters, each chapter in *Stranleigh's* life was complete in itself—were as admirable otherwise, but the truth is I found them just a little bit disappointing. In each—the adventure with the Russian Prince, or with the railway king, or the bank manager, or what not—there was a host of admirable preparation, to which the climax seemed always a trifle inadequate. But I have admitted that I enjoyed reading the book; and I believe others will do the same. It is very well illustrated.

Before ALLEN ARNOT forges her next novel she will be well advised to re-read *The Dempsey Diamonds* (LANE) with the view of noting how many mystifications she weaves and leaves unravelled, and on how many and what slight occasions she employs coincidence to make her story march. A tithe of the coincidence and a quarter of the mystification would have carried her well over a fairly steep tale of adventure, and after all *The Dempsey Diamonds* is a

chronicle of smallish beer. Miss Dempsey gave me the impression that she would have found a less ineffectual way of getting her wealth into her granddaughter's hands; neither do I think she would have been so tragically dismayed at the possibility of her secret being discovered. Not *Jane* or *William* or *Nell* or *Chris* gave promise of being so entirely resourceless in emergencies. It is much better to make your observations at first-hand and to set them forth in your own language than to use the consecrated and always-to-be-forgotten phrases of a poor tradi-

tion. Crying hoarsely, bristling the eyebrows, grinding the teeth and laughing sardonically are simply not done. I suppose one does occasionally meet immaculate evening dress, but it is best not to notice it. And astonishingly few of one's men friends ever refer to a woman, however frail, as a "wicked wretch."

I am still straining my eyes towards the literary horizon for another good volume of short stories. It may be unkind to suggest that *In Different Keys* (MILLS AND BOON) would have been better called *Indifferent Tales*, but the fact is that I. A. R. WYLIE has not risen here above the usual short story of commerce—the kind that is written in June, and served up, to an aroma of printer's ink and highly-glazed paper, in a "Christmas No." towards the end of October. In their season, and a little at a time, I like these well enough; but a whole volume of them makes for indigestion. The best of the tales seemed to me to be the one that ends the book, called appropriately *The Last Turn*, about a circus acrobat who found his wife carrying on with another member of the troupe, and almost let him fall in their somersault act, but didn't quite. There was a genuine thrill here, and some human behaviour.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VII.—WAR OFFICE EXPERT VISITING A SUBSIDISED CONDENSED MILK DAIRY.